

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

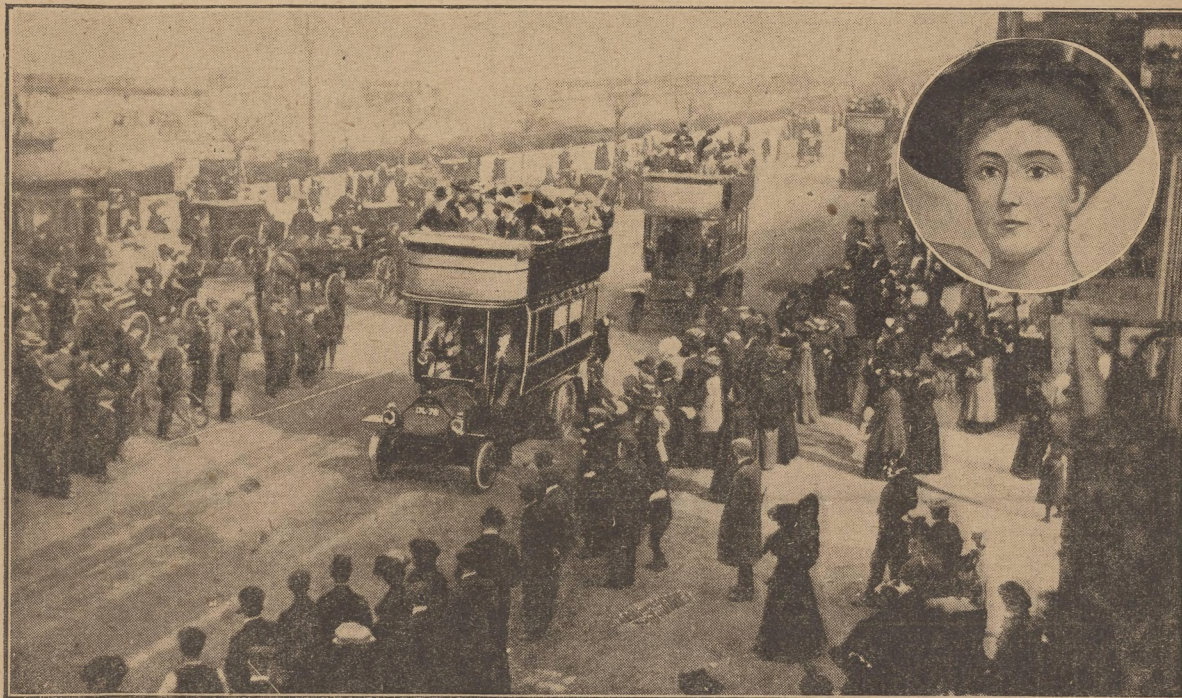
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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## LADY ADELA COCHRANE DRIVES THE FIRST MOTOR-OMNIBUS POST OFFICE.



The inaugural run of the Isle of Wight's novel service of motor-omnibuses, which carry passengers and luggage all round the island, and are fitted with pillar-boxes in which letters may be posted. Lady Adela Cochrane, wife of the Deputy-Governor of the island, is seated on the box-seat of the first omnibus, which she started from the Esplanade at Ryde. A portrait of her ladyship appears in the smaller photograph.

## AT PUNCESTOWN RACES.



Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dudley arriving on PuncHESTOWN Racecourse for the second day of the Irish meeting.

## LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM'S SUDDEN DEATH.



Mr. Rowland Berkeley, Lord Mayor of Birmingham, who died suddenly while engaged in discussing plans for the benefit of the city. The Lord Mayor is seated next to the driver, the ladies on the back seat being his wife and daughters.







## PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE.

Japan Declares a State of  
Siege on Land and Sea.

### CHANGED PLANS.

Rojstevsky Said To Be Now  
Heading in Direction of Manila.

No definite news is to hand in regard to the position of the rival fleets of Admiral Togo and Admiral Rojstevsky.

The most significant message from the Far East is a Central News cable from Tokio, which states that it is officially announced that a state of siege is declared, to date from the 13th, covering the harbour limits and the vicinity of Makung, in the Pengu Islands and the Pescadores.

A naval court of inquiry is created at Makung, as well as a temporary naval prison.

This, at any rate, is an authoritative indication that the Japanese are convinced that Rojstevsky will give battle to Togo very shortly, and that the latter is confident that he will be able to intercept the enemy in his dash for Vladivostok.

#### SENSATIONAL CANARD.

Some sensation was caused early yesterday by the news that the Russian hospital ship Orel had put in at Saigon with many wounded on board. "The great naval battle we have been expecting so long has at last taken place," said everybody on reading this news, which was dispatched from Manila.

In the afternoon, however, the intelligence was discounted by a Reuter message, which stated, on the authority of the Naval General Staff at St. Petersburg, that the report was incorrect.

It is true, however, that the Orel put in at Saigon, but she had no wounded on board.

The "Echo de Paris" St. Petersburg correspondent is responsible for the statement that Admiral Rojstevsky is at present in the neighbourhood of the Tizar Bank, 800 miles south-west of Formosa.

This message suggests that the Russian Admiral has altered his plans and, instead of taking a direct course to Vladivostok through the Balu Straits, is heading for Manila, the capital of the Philippines, or for the passage between the Philippines and Formosa.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien," the belief is held at the Russian Admiralty that Admiral Togo will not attack the Baltic Fleet until it arrives in the Sea of Japan or even the Korean Straits.

#### THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

There has been a somewhat curious development in the land campaign.

An official dispatch received at Tokio states that on Wednesday last the Japanese encountered and defeated a Russian force at Erh-hu-lu, near Ying-pang.

It is a curious circumstance that, after the evacuation of Mukden and Ying-pang, a Russian force should be found in this position.

It indicates that Linievitch is making determined efforts to cut the Japanese lines of communication, and is harassing his foes in a manner calculated to seriously impede their pursuit of the retreating Russian legions.

Although defeated at Kirin, the rearguard of Linievitch's army is still in touch with the Japanese vanguard, and is meeting with some success in checking the Japanese advance.

#### BOX OF BOMBS.

Paris, Friday.—The "Petit Parisien" publishes the following from St. Petersburg:—"A box furnished with dynamite bombs has been found under a bridge in front of the Palace where the Committee of Ministers meet."—Reuter.

### WHERE IS SHERLOCK?

"Lost" Advertisement Seems To Show He Is Indeed No More.

Lost.—On Thursday, April 13, on road between Cambridge and London, box containing four ladies' hats and some artificial flowers.—Doyle, Grand Hotel.

This advertisement appears in this morning's "Daily Mail." It is only too evident that Sherlock Holmes is no longer with us. With what unerring instinct would he else have traced to their present abiding-place those ladies' hats and artificial flowers?

For is not the advertiser the literary medium through whom the thrilling narratives of Dr. Watson have become public property? Could not Dr. Watson himself have deduced their whereabouts?

## THREE BODIES IN A BOX.

Young Husband Charged with Committing the Most  
Terrible Crime of Recent Years.

### STRIKING LIFE STORY.

Seldom has a more horrible crime been revealed in London than that laid bare at Kensal Rise—a suburb already famous by the frightful Crossman murder last year.

The simple horror of the affair is sufficiently contained in the bare statement that three bodies—a young married woman and her twin boys, aged fifteen months—were found hermetically sealed up in a great tin trunk and deposited at a furniture warehouse in Harlesden.

The arrest at Coventry of Arthur Devereux, a chemist's assistant, the husband and father, who is alleged to have conveyed personally the trunk to the warehouse, added enormously to the sensation in London and the country yesterday.

On Thursday night into the chemist's shop of Mr. Alderman F. Bird, Spon-street, Coventry, there entered Chief-inspector Imbert, of the Coventry Police, who asked for Alfred Devereux.

Mr. Bird called his assistant, and the inspector informed him how and where the bodies of his wife and children had been discovered, and that he was wanted in connection with the affair. Devereux asserted his innocence, but made no further statement at the time.

Yesterday morning Devereux was brought by the 12.36 train to Willesden.

#### UNCONCERN OF THE PRISONER.

On alighting at Willesden there was a rush of people to catch a glimpse of the prisoner, who was the picture of unconcern as he chatted with the officers.

He wore a fawn-coloured overcoat, a soft, light hat, and was smoking a cigar.

He is slim built, with fresh coloured complexion, fair, and with a light brown, drooping moustache under a rather long, straight nose.

His chin is small and weak-looking, and his ears are placed fairly high.

The officers drove with their prisoner in a cab to



Mrs. Devereux, with one of the children.

Harlesden Police Station, where a great crowd had assembled.

Again there was a rush and some hissing as the cab stopped and the officers with their prisoner entered the station.

When at last the doors were opened there was only room for about sixty of the general public, many of them women.

In the dock Devereux was standing with his hat off, and apparently not in the least disturbed by his position or by his recent bereavement of wife and children.

Detective-inspector Pollard stated quietly and succinctly how he and Sergeants Gill, Cole, and Kilton entered the loft at Bannister's furniture warehouse, Buller-road, and with Mr. Bannister saw a tin box, strongly bound, padlocked, and sealed with red sealing wax.

#### WHEN THE BOX WAS OPENED.

"When it was opened I found it contained an inner case of wood, screwed down in sections." There were sixteen screws, which were here handed into the Court.

"Under the wood we found glued together a portion of a tablecloth, a dress, and a quilt with some substance on it. On putting my hand down I touched a child's head."

It was observed that the prisoner at this point made no sign of any emotion. Nor at any of the references to the ghastly contents of the trunk did he appear concerned. His hands, held at his

back, at times were slightly clenched; once he put up his hand and passed it over his left temple.

"The examination continued the detective, 'the body of a woman and another child. The box and the remains were then removed to Kiburn Mortuary, and the three bodies lifted out."

"They were those of the prisoner's wife, lying frog-shaped, and the two infant-twin children of the prisoner."

The prisoner drew up a written statement before he was charged, but this was not read.

The Magistrate (to the prisoner): Have you any question you wish to ask the officer?

Devereux (shaking his head): No.

The Magistrate: You will be remanded until Thursday next, 10.30.

The prisoner then left the dock, first turning round and smiling to his brother, who was present.

Later in the evening he was driven to Brixton Gaol.

Dr. Robertson, divisional surgeon, has formed the opinion, from the appearance of the bodies, that death was due to poisoning, but until the result of the post-mortem is revealed at the inquest—probably on Monday—no definite statement can be made. It is believed, however, that appearances point to strychnine having been the poison used, if any.

### DEVEREUX'S LIFE STORY.

Arthur Devereux is thirty-five years old now. He was born in the picturesque Bucks village of Beaconsfield, and he comes of a highly-respectable family.

Devereux's father, who is still living, was a chemist at Beaconsfield. Early in life the boy showed signs of considerable ability.

Arthur Devereux and a brother still living at Beaconsfield, who is extremely like him in appearance, finished their schooling together at Oxford.

After passing examinations and returning to his native town, Devereux, who was ambitious, left Beaconsfield to come to London at the age of twenty-one.

#### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

He became manager of a large chemist's near Westbourne Park some eight years ago, and it was while there he met his future wife.

At this time, pleasant-mannered and clever, he was liked by all who knew him, and made many friends. The wedding took place at Paddington, and the young couple, who were quite happy, lived at Ashbourne-terrace.

Then, after a few weeks, Arthur Devereux grew restless. He desired a change. He had no difficulty in finding other employment, and became assistant to a chemist in Malvern. For a year husband and wife lived there.

He established himself as a chemist and dentist, but the experiment was unsuccessful, and six months later he left Malvern.

After a little search for work he obtained the important post of dispenser to two doctors, father and son, at Croydon.

#### ATTACHED TO HIS CHILD.

Just prior to this the first boy, Stanley Arthur Devereux, was born. The father was passionately attached to the child, and would play with him for hours together. He remained in Croydon for two years, and then removed to Brighton, where he received the post of dispenser at the Sussex County Hospital.

Six months later there was another change. He left the hospital to go to Stroud as assistant to a chemist. Here it was that the twins were born. But Devereux could not overcome his restless nature. Once more London seemed to attract him, and slightly over a year ago he came to Paddington. There he remained until January last. He gave every satisfaction in his work, but there was a business disagreement and he left.

#### WHEN THE WIFE DISAPPEARED.

They lived at the time in Milton-avenue. His wife told her mother-in-law they were going into the country again, and as soon as they were settled she would hear from them. This was the last time Mrs. Gregory saw her daughter.

On February 20 Devereux arrived in Coventry and went as assistant to Alderman Bird, a chemist. He came with excellent testimonials, and during the time there he showed himself competent in every way. His arrival came as an astounding surprise to his employer.

Some anxiety was felt regarding the missing boy, Stanley. Late last night, however, it was ascertained that the child was at a boarding-school near Coventry.

Photographs of the accused man being taken into court and of the cart in which the trunk was removed appear on page 11.

## MR. BALFOUR'S POLITE SNUB.

Suave but Vague in Response to  
Mr. Chamberlain's Advances.

### DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—The great event of to-day has been the deputation of tariff reformers to the Prime Minister.

Headed by Mr. Chamberlain, they made their way to the official residence of the Premier in Downing-street, where the line of policy mapped out at yesterday's meeting of tariff reformers was laid before Mr. Balfour by Mr. Chamberlain and other speakers, in the hope that the dissensions in the Unionist ranks may be smoothed over in time for the general election.

It is stated that Sir Alexander Acland Hood, the chief Government Whip, was present with Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne also dropped in just before the conference, which lasted a little more than an hour, terminated.

In the Lobby this evening there are various accounts of what actually took place at the interview, but I have the authority of one of the gentlemen who was present for stating that it was not quite the success which the tariff reformers intended it to be.

My informant tells me that Mr. Balfour listened with great interest and courteous attention to what Mr. Chamberlain had to say on behalf of the deputation, but instead of making any definite replies, such as the deputation had desired and anticipated, he contented himself by saying that "he had received the statement of their policy with much interest, that he would give the matter his careful consideration, and send them a reply in due course."

#### GENERAL ELECTION THREATENED.

As a matter of fact, the whole affair, so far as I am informed, was in the nature of a polite snub.

One thing is certain, and that is, that unless Mr. Balfour shows a willingness to meet what the tariff reformers regard as a sacrifice on their part for the sake of Party unity there will be an open rupture forthwith, which, of course, would mean an immediate general election.

The official members of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons greatly resent Lord Rosebery's speech last night with regard to Ireland.

His appeal to the Liberal leaders to declare their Irish policy is looked upon as an unwarrantable effort on his part to embarrass the leaders of the Party, and is calculated to injure his political power even among his own immediate supporters.

With the rising of the House to-night a general exodus of members has taken place, and it seems probable that there will be a very small number left for the sittings on Monday and Tuesday.

#### BUSINESS DONE.

The Land Values Assessment and Rating Bill was read a second time.

The House of Lords adjourned yesterday for the Easter recess until May 8.

#### MR. BALFOUR AND THE ALIENS BILL.

Mr. Balfour has written to Mr. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., saying it will not be necessary for a deputation to wait upon him respecting the Aliens Bill, as it will be introduced on Tuesday, and the Government will use their best endeavours to get it passed into law.

### MOTOR-BOAT DERBY.

Nineteen Vessels Vie in an Exciting Race  
at Monaco.

Excitement at Monte Carlo was yesterday transferred from the tables to the motor-boat race, when, after a fine struggle, the racer, Panhard Levassor, won the championship of the sea, with Mr. Edge's boat, Napier II., close behind.

There were twenty-three entries, including three British boats, namely, Napier II., the property of Mr. Edge; Napier I., the property of Lord Howard de Walden; and Baby, the property of Mr. Brooke.

The distance was 200 kilometres. There were several narrow escapes from collision, but the helmsman in every case kept cool and averted disaster.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Prince Henry of Bourbon died from heart failure at Mentone on Thursday night.—Reuter.

Porcelain workers at Limoges have decided to strike. Twenty thousand people are affected.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra greatly enjoyed their motor-car excursion at Palma, visiting all the villages in turn.—Reuter.

Knocked down by a motor-car on the London road between Stony Stratford and Loughton, a cattle-drover was fatally injured.



## CLASSICS IN THE LAW COURTS.

Jury Entertained with Controversy  
Over Latin Quantities.

### IS "KIKERO" RIGHT?

A classical controversy took place in the High Court yesterday. It was a controversy that had an "Oxford v. Cambridge" flavour about it.

The disputants were:—

Oxford. Mr. Spencer Bower, K.C., late classical scholar of New College, Oxford. First-class in the final classical Honour School.

Cambridge. Dr. H. J. Spenser, late classical scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. First-class in the classical tripos.

One of the most interesting and amusing features of the controversy was that the Oxford representative at the onset did not know that the Cambridge man had any claims to classical distinction at all. That is why he said:—

"Dr. Spenser, your classical education seems to have been greatly neglected."

Horror among Dr. Spenser's supporters.

Horror by "Kikero."

This sweeping remark by Mr. Spencer Bower had been caused by two little words that slipped from the lips of the Cambridge man. These words were "bona fides," pronounced in the fashion that is now a Cambridge vogue. Dr. Spenser emphasized the "shortness" of the first syllable in each.

The Cambridge classic stood aghast at being told that "his classical education had been neglected," but he recovered himself in time to tell the Oxford classic that "his quantities were all wrong."

The true position of things having now been whispered to the Oxford classic, that gentleman made some graceful references to his own classical training at Winchester, and expressed horror at the fashion that pronounced "Cicero" "Kikero," and "Veni vidi vici" "Weynee weedee weekee."

The Cambridge classic then obliged the Court by giving a rendering in the Cambridge style of the ablative case of "bona fides," and the controversy ended.

Severe on Giggling Schoolboys.

As some consolation to Dr. Spenser for having had his "bona fides" doubted he won his case against the ex-schoolboy of University College School, of which institution Dr. Spenser is now headmaster.

The boy, Harold Blind, had brought a libel action against Dr. Spenser, complaining that the latter had publicly accused him of being "ungentlemanly."

Some of the headmaster's answers during the day amused various boys, "old" or otherwise, at the back of the court, and they "tittered."

To this "giggling," as he called it, the Judge referred in his summing-up. The boys should learn to tell the truth, the Judge said, instead of giggling when there was nothing to cause amusement.

This remark was made when the Judge was commenting on certain evidence given by one of the boys, the son of Sir William Ramsay. The boy had said that he left the school because of the Blind episode, whereas the fact was that notice of his leaving had already been given.

The jury, after a short absence, found a verdict for the defendant.

### FIRE BRIGADE ON STRIKE.

Indignant Scotsmen Resign in a Body on Account of an Unpaid Bill.

Innerleithen at present has no fire brigade.

When Sir Charles Tennant's mansion, The Glen, was almost totally destroyed by fire recently, the brigade spent many hours fighting the flames, and duly sent in their bill for services rendered. But the insurance fire assessor objected to the accuracy of the account.

So the brigade indignantly resigned in a body. Appeals by the convener of the Fire Committee of the town council, and the assessor, the men refuse to go near the fire station, and the inhabitants of the district are naturally nervous.

The Provost takes the part of the firemen, and is to arrange that they shall be paid by the town council, who must recover from the insurance company if they can.

### HEIR TO £20,000 A YEAR.

An appeal was made yesterday in the Appeal Court by a Mr. Lloyd, who is twenty-two years of age, from a receiving order made against him the other day.

It was explained that on the deaths of his father and Lady Wantage, he will come into an income of about £20,000 a year, and he has insured his life for £200,000 with an English assurance company and for £150,000 with a Paris one.

One of Mr. Lloyd's debts was £500 for a fur coat. The Court refused the application.

### £4,200 FOR A VASE.

Sensational Bidding for a Piece of Sevres Like One Owned by the King.

Four thousand guineas was given yesterday at Christie's for a small Sevres porcelain vase about 16in. high, similar to one in the royal collection at Buckingham Palace.

This collection of Sevres was formed by George IV., and is reputed the finest in England. Several pieces disappeared many years ago. The late owner is stated to have inherited the vase sold yesterday with family heirlooms.

When the precious object was put up, the room was crowded to excess, every dealer and collector of importance being present, and from Mr. Wertheimer's opening bid of 1,000 guineas, the excitement was intense.

Mr. Duveen immediately bid an advance, and the figure rapidly mounted to 2,500 guineas, when Mr. Wertheimer dropped out. His place was taken by Mr. Seligmann, but he soon retired also.

Mr. Partridge then stepped in with an offer of 3,100 guineas, and increased his opponent's bid till his offer of 4,000 guineas remained unchallenged.

A scarcely less eventful sale was that of a Chinese oviform vase, 17in. high, with the neck badly damaged.

The bidding opened at the apparently reasonable price of 100 guineas, but the next bid, 1,000 guineas, and in three minutes it had found a purchaser at 1,500 guineas.

A solid gold rose-water ewer and dish weighing over 200oz. fetched 1,100 guineas; a pair of miniatures of Henry Prince of Wales, and a lady, 530 guineas; and an ivory shuttle-shaped box, with a miniature in the lid, 520 guineas.

### HOSTILE FLEETS' MOVEMENTS.



The Baltic Fleet was last sighted 400 miles north of the Nantao islands, steaming north-east. Mako Harbour, in the Pescadore Islands, has been declared in a state of siege by the Japanese.

### FIGHT FOR SEWING MACHINE.

Case Illustrating Amenities of Payment by Instalment Plan.

Four guineas and costs were awarded against the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Manchester yesterday in an action for trespass.

Because Bertha Bridges, who lodged in Isaac Cohen's house at Cheetham, fell behind in her payments for a sewing machine, two representatives of the company, it was stated, forcibly entered and took it away.

The men were kept at bay for some time by Bridges's fiancé, who hurled a paraffin lamp, tea-urn, and bottles at them.

### TREASURY BILL 160 YEARS OLD.

With regard to the uncancelled Treasury bill for £100, of which we published details yesterday, Mr. J. Louis states he never really intended to write to the King on the matter. Such a course was suggested to him, but he never meant to adopt it.

Nor does he estimate the value of the bill at £26,000.

### PRINCESS'S BIRTHDAY.

The forty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice) was celebrated at Windsor yesterday, the bells of St. George's Chapel being rung, and a salute of twenty-one guns fired in the Long Walk.

The Princess was born in 1857, and married to Prince Henry in 1885. The Prince died on January 20, 1896.

### DECAY OF SUNDAY.

Answer to Bishop's Protest Against Sabbath Dining.

### RESTAURANT VIEW.

In the course of his Lenten mission, the Bishop of London has said many severe things about the customs of present-day society.

Preaching at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, this week, he made a strong reference to the habit of giving dinner-parties on Sunday evenings at restaurants.

He had received a letter from a working man, who complained bitterly of these parties, saying that they prevented the day from being one of rest to those who catered for the pleasures of the idle rich.

To this the Bishop replied that if from carelessness and thoughtlessness any of those he addressed had given such parties, he would certainly raise his voice against the practice during the mission, for he feared the habit was a growing one.

"I am afraid," said a well-known society leader to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "that his Lordship has made his sweeping assertions without thinking of the other side of the case. People must dine somewhere, and if they dine at a restaurant their servants at home get a rest."

Servant Question the Cause.

"The practice of Sunday dining in public is a habit of a very few years' standing. Probably the servant question is one of the chief causes, while many professional people are only free on Sunday to see and entertain their friends."

At Prince's Restaurant, which was one of the first fashionable restaurants in London to adopt the Sunday dinner and concert, the *Daily Mirror* was told that the number of persons dining on Sunday is equal to that of two other days in the week.

Touching the question of Sunday labour, the manager said: "Excepting myself and the head waiter in the grill-room, all our waiters and staff are Roman Catholics, and therefore working on Sunday evening makes no difference to them."

"They can always get off on Friday, which is our slackest-day, or on Monday. Moreover, the men take far more in tips on Sunday than on any other day in the week, and if we were to close the restaurant on that day they would be deprived of a large portion of their earnings."

At the Cecil, Carlton, and Savoy the same story was told. Sunday entertaining, it was agreed, was very much on the increase, and the managers of these establishments frankly say that they do all they can to foster it.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FALL.

How the Right Hon. Gentleman's "Life" Served as a Missile.

Mr. W. H. Leighton Bailey, a journalist, confessed at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday that he had thrown "The Life of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain" at the head of a bookseller's representative.

"What?" said Mr. Edge. "You did, did you?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I venture to think that it was the only thing the right hon. gentleman has come to the ground." (Laughter.)

This humorous passage arose in a case in which the journalist was sued for 30s., the price of the book in question, which had been supplied to his order by Messrs. W. R. Howell and Co., Theobalds-road.

Mr. Bailey gave as his reason for throwing back the book that it was promised last May, and did not come to hand till early this year, when he had no use for it.

A verdict was given for the booksellers.

### SEA MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Fully dressed and lying in the mud in the bay at Kewstoke, the body of Miss Lily Willis, twenty-four, was found yesterday.

Miss Willis, who belonged to Trowbridge, mysteriously disappeared whilst on a visit to Weston-super-Mare. She was seen to jump from the Old Pier on Tuesday night.

### TRAGIC LOVE STORY.

Tragic was the discovery made by a Hanley (Staffordshire) father yesterday.

On his return from business Mr. Bassett missed his daughter Fanny. A search revealed her hanging dead from a hook on a bedroom door.

Miss Bassett had been courted for six years by a Burslem gentleman, but twelve months ago the engagement was broken off.

### CRICKETING HEADMASTER'S WILL.

Headmaster since 1874 of the modern side of Repton School, the Rev. A. F. E. Forman, who died in February last, left estate of the gross value of £13,105.

### MARRIAGE AND HEALTH.

Should a Man with a "Bad Life" Remain Single?

Dealing with the subject of "Eugenics," or "the elevation of the general standard of the human race by judicious matrimonial selection," a writer in the "Lancet" says that while it is certain marriages cannot be so arranged as to secure offspring of commanding physical or intellectual power, it may be possible so to arrange them as to avoid the worst examples of decadence.

But the Marriage Service of the Church reminds us that the tie was instituted partly "for the mutual help and comfort the one may have of the other," and with this aspect the writer thinks it would be dangerous for even a professor of eugenics to interfere. Influence should rather be exerted upon the community than the individual.

"The middle-classes might go so far as to look coldly upon a combination of the small young woman with the small young man," he playfully suggests, "but they should not forget that brains are not always present in proportion to stature."

Asked whether he should rather, on the ground of health, to the marriage of a particular man with a lady in whom he was interested, he had replied: "Not at all. As medical referee of an insurance company, I should add seven to ten years to his age, but I do not consider him ineligible for marriage." He did not feel called upon to protect a lady from contingencies from which it was his duty to protect the insurance office.

### SCOTTISH KIRK DISPUTE.

Commissioners Think Parliament Should Interfere and Control All Funds.

It has been decided by the Royal Commission on the Scottish Kirk dispute that the legal Free Church (the "Wee Frees") "is unable adequately to execute the trusts in connection with all the endowments which it has claimed in virtue of the judgment of the House of Lords."

The Commissioners recommend that where the legal Free Church is thus unable to execute any trusts authority should be given to transfer the funds and property concerned, and that the United Free Church should be given a preference. Parliament should interfere, and constitute a Commission to deal with the whole question and control all the funds and property.

### JUDGES AS WITS.

Legal Journal Protests Against Growing Tendency to Levity on the Bench.

"We are not in the least surprised," says the "Law Times," "that laymen are beginning to protest against the recent expositions of judicial humour."

"Reports of cases are thickly interspersed with 'laughter' and 'loud laughter,' and the courts where these comic utterances are supposed to take place are thronged."

"Litigation is a serious matter, certainly to the litigants, and that their disputes should be discussed in a continuous spirit of levity is, to say the least, deplorable."

"The prestige of the Bench lies in its impartiality and dignity, and if this prestige is damaged in the public mind it will be a bad thing for this country."

### GAME OF PROVERBS.

Judge Repeats Severe Comments in Regard to a Cycle Competition.

The sequel to Dr. Brown's case against Symonds's Stores "Game of Proverbs" was an application for a new trial at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday.

Judge Edge had intimated that competition as a game of swindle, and counsel for the Stores yesterday said that such a comment cast a serious reflection on his clients.

Judge Edge: I intended them to be strong. The whole thing seemed to me to be a trap for the unwary.

Counsel: Your Honour knows that the only persons who defended the case were some representatives of the firm.

Judge Edge: One was the managing director and the other the secretary.

"I will consider the application, but can offer no encouragement."

### DISMISSED HIS SHIP.

Sub-Lieutenant Sandeys, of the destroyer Spitfire, found guilty by a court-martial yesterday at Portsmouth in respect of the collision with a barge on April 4, by which two lives were lost, was sentenced to be deprived of six months' seniority, severely reprimanded, and dismissed his ship.

In a dense fog outside the Humber the Norwegian barque Tancred was sunk after collision with the Grimsby steam trawler Ostich.



## INSULTED BY REQUEST.

Is Calling a Man a Liar a Sportsmanlike Action?

When one gentleman invites another to call him a liar, and the other gentleman promptly obliges, there is usually trouble.

An incident of this kind appears to have been partly responsible for the action brought in the Chancery Court yesterday by Mr. Blood, an ex-revolver and rifle champion, to restrain the South London Rifle Club from suspending him from being a member, and interfering with his enjoyment of the privileges of the club.

It was stated that Mr. Blood was not using Government ammunition, and when he interviewed the secretary, Mr. Langdon, of Staines, on the matter the latter asked him to call him a liar.

Mr. Blood descended to do so, and when he refused to apologise he was suspended from membership of the club.

The rules of the club stated that any member guilty of fraudulent, dishonourable, or unsportsmanlike conduct could be suspended.

"But," counsel said warmly, "to call a man a 'liar' is neither fraudulent nor dishonourable, and, far from being unsportsmanlike, it is very sportsmanlike."

The injunction was granted.

## KING'S MOTOR-CAR.

Curious Story That Induced Magistrate To Give a Sovereign to Defendant.

An aged costermonger, named James Keneff, was the central figure in a curious case yesterday at the Westminster Police Court.

He was accused of cruelty to a donkey at King's-road, Chelsea. The animal, it was said, was old and worn, and fell down beneath the task of drawing a flower-laden barrow.

Keneff said he bought the donkey a fortnight before for 24s., the savings out of an advance of £1 a week made to him in consequence of his being knocked down by the King's motor-car.

By this he was rendered incapable of pulling a barrow.

The allowance had now ceased, and, having had the donkey killed in accordance with the direction of the Court, he had no prospect of getting his living.

Mr. Curtis Bennett said he would discharge him and give him a sovereign towards buying a new donkey.

## LADY'S DELUSIONS.

Jury's Strange Verdict in the Case of a Lancashire Woman of Means.

A Lancaster jury decided yesterday that Miss Burrows, of Morecambe, whose relative has been applying to have her placed under control, is incapable of managing her own affairs, but capable of managing herself.

Miss Burrows is the old gentlewoman with an income of £400 a year, who told the court on Thursday that she was a daughter of the Queen of Morocco, and was married to twins at the age of seven.

Her counsel contended that Miss Burrows' relative was making a mountain out of a molehill.

Miss Isabel Wilson, who had been in the service of the Burrows family since 1853, said she had never received from Miss Burrows any present more valuable than a dress.

Two doctors gave the opinion that, barring the delusions, Miss Burrows was perfectly sane and capable of looking after herself and her affairs.

Mr. Shee, for the petitioning relative, argued that she proved herself to be in need of restraint, as she gave her money away under delusions.

By the jury's decision, stated above, Miss Burrows remains her own mistress.

## "PROPERTY" IN LIFE.

Has a Man an Exclusive Right Over His Own Existence?

A curious charge brought against Thomas David, of standing on a window-sill without support, was provocative of some metaphysical reasoning at the City Magistrate's Court yesterday.

David pleaded that he was not guilty, because he was half in and half out of the window he was cleaning.

Police-constable Griffin: He said, "My life's mine, and it's nothing to do with anybody else."

The Clerk: He might have fallen on someone walking by?

Police-constable Griffin: Yes.

The Clerk: This by-law is to protect the public. David was fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Within a week the Post Office and National Telephone systems will be connected at Newcastle, and inter-communication will be possible for a fee of one penny.

## BATTLE FOR THE FOOTBALL CUP.

Greek Meets Greek in To-day's Great Contest at the Crystal Palace.

## NORTHERNERS DESCEND ON LONDON.

One of the greatest sporting events of the year is being decided in London to-day, and from the most remote corners of England, and even Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, tens of thousands of football enthusiasts have arrived, en route for the Crystal Palace and the English Cup final tie.

Year by year interest in the great contest has grown, until it has become a popular craze.

As one by one the favourites for the competition are weeded out, until at last only two centres are left in to fight out the final battle, the excitement intensifies until England itself is divided into two camps—this season Birmingham and Newcastle.

By general consent two better teams have never reached the final stage of the competition, and a great match should be witnessed.

Yesterday afternoon a small army of workmen were putting on the finishing touches at the Palace arena, and everything will be in apple-pie order for this afternoon.

### "Palace" Reforms.

Visitors who have not seen the ground since the last final will be pleased with the improvements.

The old covered stands have been pulled down and new stands erected nearer the playing pitch, with seating for 5,000, as compared with 2,000 accommodated under previous arrangements.

The ring seats number 6,000, and altogether there are seats for 17,000 spectators—all numbered and reserved.

The man who pays his 1s. to witness the match has not been forgotten. Instead of the slippery turf slopes, which were little better than a quagmire on a wet day, he will find that the whole of the banking has been remodelled into cinder terraces.

Placed end to end, these terraces—5ft. in width—would extend over a length of ten miles. The Palace authorities reckon that 100,000 people was now able to obtain a good view of the game.

### Playing Pitch in Grand Order.

The playing pitch itself was in grand order yesterday, and after the rain during the early hours of the morning there is no danger of the ground being hard and bumpy, as on the occasion of the International match a fortnight ago.

The turf was rolled on Wednesday, and unless there is very heavy rain this morning it will be in perfect order.

If the weather is fine it is expected that the attendance will approach 80,000, in which event a record would be set up for a final tie in which a Southern club was not engaged.

The Football Association receives from the Palace Company a fixed guarantee of £1,200 and a capitation fee on every person passing the stiles up to 6 p.m. in excess of 50,000 number.

Last year, when the attendance numbered about 63,000, the cheque paid to the F.A. by the Palace

was £3,000. It is quite likely to be £4,000 this year.

Nearly all this money goes to the clubs, and it is estimated that something like £7,000 will this season be paid over by the F.A. to the clubs playing in the semi-final and final ties pro rata to the gates in those matches.

The Newcastle trippers commenced to arrive in the metropolis yesterday. They were to be seen wandering in Piccadilly and the Strand, gazing at the sights.

Clad in their Sunday clothes, with cloth caps of wondrous shape and pattern, there was no mistaking their Tyneside origin. Such an exodus from Newcastle has never been witnessed.

The Villa party (exclusive of the players) came up yesterday morning, with directors, their wives and friends, and the players' wives.

The club will do the entertaining, which will include a visit to the Alhambra to-night, and a drive out to Hampton Court to-morrow. The party will be a right merry one if the Cup is in their possession.

The stories about the probable number of excursionists from Newcastle and Birmingham have this year been prodigious. We were told of 50,000 from Birmingham and 35,000 from Newcastle, but that is the estimated attendance for the match; and Lancashire, although they know "T. Coop" will not cashire this season go to their county, will not be left out in the cold. They form clubs early in the year for their annual visit, and Lancashire will be there. So will Yorkshire.

### "Camp" of Enthusiasts.

Thousands will make straight for the football ground at the Palace, and will camp out in the best positions for the few hours between their arrival and the commencement of the game.

The Villa partisans will wear claret and light blue favours, and the Newcastle contingent will be more soberly decorated with black and white.

Many of the trippers will stay in town for some few days, as in Birmingham and Newcastle it is expected that several of the big factories will have to close down for at least a couple of days owing to the absence of workmen.

Mr. Chamberlain has been asked to present the cup and medals, but is not expected to attend. Should Lord Rosbery be in town he will probably perform the function.

Among those who have signified their intention of being present are the Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Viscount Turnour, M.P., Hon. B. Vele-Ponsonby, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., the Mayor of Lambeth, the Mayor of Aston, and Sir W. Plummer, M.P. (Newcastle).

The Palace may be reached from London Bridge, Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, Victoria, Holborn, and a good way is by the Great Eastern (Liverpool-street) to Penge. The trains are much less crowded by this route.

The Aston Villa team stayed last night at the Railway Hotel, Beckenham.

A photographic programme appears on page 9, and the prospects of the game are discussed on page 14.

## PAYING FOR A GIRL'S TEETH.

Judge Disregards Plea That a Male Friend Had Promised To Discharge the Bill.

A stylishly-dressed girl was sued in the Bloomsbury County Court yesterday by a dentist for a set of teeth.

At first she said she "did not think" she owed the money.

"You must probably do, then," observed Judge Bacon.

The lady then remarked that a gentleman friend had promised to pay.

"It has nothing to do with the dentist," Judge Bacon said. "Let your friend pay you back."

"I do not say," continued his Honour, "that he will, but if a lady goes to a dentist and says, 'Snooks or Brown has promised to buy me a set of teeth,' that does not make Snooks or Brown liable." Order to pay 20s. a month.

## OBLIGING MAGISTRATE.

William Palmer was yesterday fined 2s. 6d. and costs at the City Magistrate's Court for riding a bicycle to the common danger of the public.

"Can't you make it 6d. less," he asked, "or I shall have to walk home?"

Alderman Simmons: All right, I'll make it 2s. and costs.

Boring operations for coal will probably begin very soon in the Vale of Belvoir, near Melton Mowbray.

## MR. PLOWDEN ANGRY.

Severe Censure Upon Prison Treatment of a Foreigner.

Mr. Plowden waxed very indignant at the West London Police Court yesterday in regard to the treatment of a convict.

Miltiady Fokiadze, a Greek cigarette-maker, was brought before him charged with stabbing Joseph Bowden, an assistant warder at Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, in the face with a pair of scissors.

It was explained that Fokiadze was imprisoned for unlawful wounding, and had been awarded good-conduct stripes.

He conceived the notion that these denoted the number of years of his detention, and it was suggested that this aggravated him to an attack on Bowden.

It was pointed out that the rules of the prison, explaining the meaning of the stripes, were posted up in the Greek's cell.

Mr. Plowden: What is the good of English rules to a foreigner. If the meaning of the stripes had been explained the assault would not have been committed.

The magistrate also made some strong remarks about the accused being ordered to attend a Church of England service at the prison, and said that that fact was enough to incense him.

"If you press me to commit him," added Mr. Plowden, "I must do so, but I wish I had the opportunity of telling a jury what I think of the matter."

"It looks to me like a system of petty persecutions, starting with the absurdity of forcing a Greek to attend a Church of England service. Fancy making a Roman Catholic attend Dr. Clifford's Tabernacle, telling him that was the nearest you could give him."

The Greek was committed for trial.

## "BOX AND COX" JUDGES

Dodge In and Out of Each Other's Courts To Give Judgments.

In consequence of there being more Judges than courts to accommodate them at the Royal Courts of Justice just now, a curious little comedy, reminiscent of the changes in "Box and Cox," took place in King's Bench Court IX, yesterday.

Mr. Justice Walton sat there at 10.30 to deliver a judgment.

He made way at about 11 o'clock for Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, who resumed the hearing of a case.

Utilising the luncheon interval, Mr. Justice Walton again made his entry into the court at 1.45 to deliver another judgment, and was once more succeeded by Mr. Justice Lawrence.

## TEMPTING POOR CLERKS.

Registrar Makes Severe Comments on the Ways of Moneylenders.

The way of moneylenders with clerks was discussed in the City of London Court yesterday.

Mr. J. H. Green, trading as Frank Fairfield and Co., 32, Watling-street, E.C., sued a man named Bright, until recently a City clerk in one situation for nine years, for three guineas, the balance of a loan for £26.

Bright said that Green worried him so much at his situation that he was now out of work, and had a wife and three children dependent on him.

Mr. Green said defendant owed him £1 10s. on an old account, and that when he signed the note for £26 he handed him £2 14s.

Mr. Registrar Wild: £1 10s. interest for £26! Mr. Davis, plaintiff's counsel, said the law allowed it.

Mr. Registrar Wild: Yes, the law may give Shylock his pound of flesh, and you shall have it. Defendant will pay at the rate of 1s. per month. I have no doubt many City clerks are ruined by moneylenders.

Mr. Davis: Why do they go?

Mr. Registrar Wild: Because they are tempted.

## MANCHESTER MURDER MYSTERY.

Mrs. Smith, the mother of the youth who was foully murdered in Manchester, has received an anonymous postcard.

It was posted at Long Eaton, Derbyshire, and contains a rambling statement, which has reference to the crime. The police decline to divulge the purport of the message.

## UNIQUE RIVER STEAMER.

Messrs. Thornycroft's new fast shallow-draft passenger steamer Naparima will to-day make her trial trip down the River Thames.

She is a screw-boat, and can be brought right up alongside a pier, so that half a dozen gunboats can be run across. The builders claim that she has many points of superiority over the accepted type of river steamer to which the L.C.C. are adhering.

## IMPORTANT TO WORKMEN.

The House of Lords decided an important point of law with regard to the compensation of workmen yesterday.

Their Lordships decided that compensation could be awarded to a workman who had contracted anthrax in the course of his employment.

Lord Macnaghten, however, explained that this decision must not be taken to imply that the Act covered any case of infectious disease contracted by a man during his employment.



## LOVE AND MONEY.

Mother to Pay £150 for Statement  
About Her Daughter's Lover.

### PROBLEM SOLVED.

Nearly all the difficulties that cruel fate has thrown in the course of the true love of Miss Mabel Leest and Mr. Frank Alfred Richards have now been removed—by a verdict which the jury in Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence's court gave yesterday.

Miss Mabel is a beautiful young lady of Balham. Mr. Richards is an attractive young musician with whom she fell in love.

The cautious mother stated in the witness-box that she did not think that his pecuniary standing was quite satisfactory. That was why she opposed the engagement.

She also, so it is alleged, stated—though not in the witness-box—that Mr. Richards was a married man, that he was a villain, and that she would keep people away from his music-shop.

The jury took the view that Mrs. Leest had actually gone further than to criticise the musician's financial status. A verdict was returned accordingly in Mr. Richards's favour, awarding him £150 from Mrs. Leest's pocket.

Thus was the problem that hampered the lovers apparently happily solved. Mrs. Leest had declared that her only objection was financial, and, lo and behold, the jury had rectified this matter by making the young man the possessor of £150!

It is hoped that the request for a "stay of execution" that was made and granted, a last remaining difficulty that suddenly cropped up, will not permanently balk Cupid from bringing about what end seems good to him.

### FROM FARM TO PULPIT.

Revival Seers Ceases To Think of Her Pigs and Cows.

Like Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, Mrs. Jones, the Welsh prophetess, is an inexplicable character. Apart from her delusions about "lights from Heaven," she is regarded as a singularly sensible person.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* on the "sacred banks of the Dee," she said she had once been a septic, but was converted by reading Sheldon's "In His Steps."

"Before the revival commenced," she said, "I was a simple farmer's wife, and devoted to Egryn farm. I loved to attend the cattle, but now I never give the pigs, cows, and horses a thought."

Recently she has faced audiences of 1,500, and spoken fluently for forty minutes.

### DEMAND THAT PERSISTS.

Continued Huge Sales of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" Show Public Verdict.

It is a mere truism to say that an article should be its own best advertisement; but this fact is by no means universally realised.

A large sale may undoubtedly be secured for a new book or a new magazine by well-planned and striking advertisements, but its continued sale must depend upon the verdict of the public as to its excellence. "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia"—the third fortnightly part of which will be ready on Tuesday—has stood this test.

The huge demand for Part I., which taxed the capacities of both publishers and printers to the utmost, was no doubt largely due to curiosity; but the fact that the second fortnightly instalment has been equally sought after proves that the work has commended itself to the public.

In fact the general verdict is that the claims made on its behalf do not in the least exaggerate either its value or its extraordinary cheapness. It is better in every respect than the announcements led the public to suppose.

"The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" differs from all its predecessors in the fact that it is essentially a modern book, and is up-to-date in every particular. Nothing is stale or second-hand. The last word has been said upon every subject under the sun.

## Parts I. and II.

THE

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## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Monsieur J. Menager, chef to King Edward, will be chairman of the jury which is to sit in judgment at the Cookery Exhibition which opens on May 2 in the Horticultural Hall.

Wennington, a small village near Romford, Essex, possesses a one-armed gravedigger.

Owing to the failure of the cables, the Anglo-American chess match is postponed temporarily.

On a farm at Markfield, Leicestershire, a ewe recently gave birth to four lambs. All are doing well.

Mr. John Ashton, a veteran stationmaster of the Midland Railway, has just passed away. Matlock was his last appointment.

Mr. John Barker, of Bishop's Stortford, has accepted an invitation to become the Liberal candidate for Falmouth at the next election.

Water was thrown to a height of thirty yards by the bursting of a main in a Keighley street. The force of the stream punctured the skin of a workman's arm.

For two months in succession an equal number of boys and girls have been born in Ilford. In March the figures were sixty-three of both sexes, and in February sixty-six.

Although in good health and having permanent work to go to, a man at Tolmorden, Lancs, refused to leave his bed. He was sent to gaol for three months for neglecting his children.

Friends of a Halifax passive resister who is engaged in the fish trade chose a strange method of greeting him on his return from prison. They met him with a long pole, on the end of which were stuck some herrings and a fish head.

With its head in the water and a large pike fast in its beak, a dead swan was found on one of the Norfolk Broads.

It was announced yesterday that an American Fleet will visit Dover in June.

The Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War held a meeting at the Foreign Office yesterday.

Ju-jitsu, the Japanese method of wrestling, was successfully resorted to by the Chief Constable of Rochdale in arresting a violent prisoner.

Arrangements are being made for the shipment to Gibraltar of five batteries (six in a battery) of the largest and longest-range guns ever made.

Sentence of six months' imprisonment for stealing 2lb. of bacon was passed upon William McCann, labourer, at West Ham Quarter Sessions yesterday.

Mr. Edward Terry, at yesterday's meeting of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, commented favourably on the fact that there was a balance in hand of £825.

All former records for output of gold in Southern Rhodesia were beaten last March, the return being 34,927oz. The highest figure previously reached was 32,531oz. in January of this year.

His Majesty's first-class cruiser *Blenheim* returned to Sheerness yesterday upon successfully completing her full-power trials in the North Sea, and was ordered to join the Reserve Division.

Mr. Walter Wallis, the comedian, writes that he is not the Walter Wallis reported in the *Daily Mirror* as having been committed for trial charged with stealing an overcoat at Paddington Baths.

### FLOWERS READY FOR EASTERTIDE.



A model daffodil farm in Jersey, from which enormous quantities of flowers will be sent to London for Easter.—(International Press Agency.)

Hathern village, Leicestershire, is stricken with measles, and already five deaths have occurred.

Frankly admitting that he had no experience of inn-keeping, an ex-schoolmaster was, nevertheless, granted a publican's licence at Liverpool.

"Married couple, French, no children, seek situation as laundresses in gentleman's family. Both understand the work in all its branches." So runs an advertisement in a contemporary.

When the Eccentric Club has 999 members—a number which it expects to reach before Christmas—it will enrol no more unless death or resignation create vacancies. The present membership is 930.

Inspectors of the Anti-Swearing League commence their campaign against swearing in the streets, tramcars, or omnibuses of Ealing, Hammersmith, Fulham, Chelsea, and Islington to-morrow.

"In order to make friends I offered her a shirt twenty years old," said a woman charged at Bradford with assaulting her neighbour. Defendant's face was swathed in bandages, which, when removed in court, disclosed no injuries.

Knocked through a plate-glass window in Broad-street, Ratcliff, Police-constable Hinman received injuries likely to affect his future career. At the Thames Court yesterday Edward Batten, coal-porter, was remanded charged with the assault.

Order of precedence needs establishing in the Isle of Man. The Council of Douglas claim that in connection with announcements of functions their mayor should follow the Lieutenant-Governor, whereas his name is frequently placed near the end of the list.

After an exciting midnight chase a supposed burglar was found buried in paper in a refuse pit at Barnsley.

Burnley's chief magistrate left his mayoral chain in the train after an official visit to St. Anne's. It was found by a porter at Blackpool, and identified by means of a picture postcard album at the book-stall.

While Sir John Amory's staghounds were proceeding through a Tiverton flock that had become detached from a flock joining the pack. It proved a difficult matter to persuade the intruder to return to its dam.

"On the night of the fire he understood that the men tried to put their uniforms on, but it took too long, and they remained at home." This is a remark applied to the Holyhead Urban Council's fire brigade.

Assurance is given the Postmaster-General by the National Telephone Company that they are alive to the necessity of adopting every precaution for the protection of their exchanges from fires of the kind which occurred recently in Queen Victoria-street.

Before the war in the Transvaal there were 107,493 coloured and 12,930 white men in the Witwatersrand only. Last month, said the Colonial Secretary yesterday, the figures for the Transvaal were: Coloured, 97,882; Chinese, 31,424; and white, 15,831.

In twelve months £90 in farthings has been contributed to the funds of the Home Workers' Association. The money is subscribed by ladies who have pledged themselves to give the odd farthing on every article they purchase at the draper's which has three farthings attached to the price.

## DRIVING BACK THE SEA.

Remarkable Engineering Feat on  
the Coast of Cumberland.

### OTHER PICTURES.

To drive the sea back 600ft. along a stretch of coast over a mile long is a feat which, since the days of Canute, has been one which would seem next door to impossible. But it is a feat which, as our photograph on page 8 shows, has just been satisfactorily accomplished by English engineers.

The history of this great undertaking dates back to 1890, when the Liffbarrow Iron Mining Company discovered that adjoining their mines, near Millom, in Cumberland, there were rich veins of ore running out under the sea. It was impossible to work these veins while the sea flowed above them, so engineers were set to work to dam back the waters. After over five years' work at a cost of about half a million pounds they have succeeded, and the last stone of the great sea-wall has now been laid by Mr. Arnold, the chairman of the mining company.

#### SEA WALL 6,870 FEET LONG.

The sea-wall is 6,870ft., or about a mile and a third, long. Its greatest breadth is 210ft. at the base and 83ft. at the top. Its greatest height is 40ft., and to keep the water from percolating beneath the foundations sheeting composed of steel and timber has been driven into the earth to a depth of 26ft. To make the embankment two parallel walls of rough limestone were built with a filling of clay between, concrete blocks weighing twenty-five tons each being set in the outer wall to guard it against damage by the fury of the waves.

One hundred and seventy acres of land have thus been reclaimed from the sea by a work which does credit to British enterprise and labour.

#### NEW ALTAR PIECE FOR WESTMINSTER.

Mrs. Wyatt, of the Parsonage, Hawley, Surrey, who has for years been an invalid, has just completed a magnificent embroidered altar frontal for Westminster Abbey, a photograph of which is reproduced on page 8.

Her great task has been the work of eight years, the whole work having been designed and almost entirely executed by her. The frontal is more than eleven feet in length, and the subject is the transfiguration of Christ.

This is depicted on three large septfoil medallions and two ophreys laid on a cross of gold, the other figures being those of Moses, St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, and some angels after Fra Angelico. The background of the pictures is of blue and gold, and the groundwork of the whole frontal is white and gold.

#### RACING MOTOR BOAT ABLAZE.

There was an exciting scene at Monaco when the racing motor-boat *Trifled-Quatre*—a photograph of which is reproduced on page 8—burst into flames, through a spark falling into some petrol which had escaped into the bottom of the boat. Mr. Thubron, the owner, and his chauffeur, who were aboard, shouted for help, and, running their burning boat past the *Duc Decaze* yacht, were hauled into safety. The boat, which was champion of last year's meeting, had to be sunk before the flames could be extinguished.

#### TREASON PLOT IN FRANCE.

Captain Tamburini, whose portrait is reproduced on page 8, has been examined by a magistrate in connection with the remarkable collection of arms, ammunition, and uniforms discovered by the police in Paris, which are said to have been gathered together by a party of conspirators who hoped to overthrow the Republic in favour of Prince Victor Napoleon.

### FISH THAT FIGHT FEVER.

Reason Why One of Our Colonies Is  
Entirely Free from Malaria.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoological Society of London, is daily expecting to receive from Barbados some wonderful fishes known as "millins."

They are supposed to live on the larvae of the malaria mosquito, and it is to ascertain whether they cause the immunity of Barbados from malarial fever that they are being brought over. Yesterday Dr. Mitchell told the *Daily Mirror* that the School of Tropical Medicine will experiment with them; if large enough a few will be kept for the tanks at the Regent's Park Gardens.

A malarial fever expert yesterday stated:—"The hopes of exterminating malaria must be based upon something much more practicable. In Italy gold fish are kept as mosquito killers."

A scientist some years ago succeeded in breeding mosquitoes from Barbados water, taken to another place. He found the whole island infested by the filaria mosquito, which causes elephantiasis.

Do the millins attack only the larvae of the filaria mosquito, and leave those of the filaria?



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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905

## LESSON FROM THE NORTH.

FROM the earliest hours of this morning special trains from the North and Midlands have been setting down in our midst their loads of football enthusiasts who have journeyed hundreds of miles in order to see the final struggle for the Cup at the Crystal Palace.

Perhaps because in his dress, his manner of speech, and other matters the Northerner differs somewhat from the Londoner the latter is apt to look down upon him, but the South may, if it care to, learn a lesson from the fine enthusiasm of the North. We in London are, as a body, interested in nothing. We have no splendid enthusiasms, and we take our pleasures for most part frivolously at the best.

It is easy, no doubt, to run to extremes about sport or, for that matter, about anything else, but the fact remains that it is the North that almost invariably wins the Cup. It is keenness that tells in business or in play, and the Northerner is generally keen upon both.

It may be urged that it is a lamentable spectacle to see thousands of working men squandering their money in heavy train fares in order that they may spend a few hours watching a couple of teams play football, but that is scarcely a fair way of looking at it. The Newcastle man and the Birmingham man are spending money on their enthusiasms, and probably some at least would spend the money in more foolish fashion if those enthusiasms were lacking.

The North spends more money upon football every year; it also spends less upon beer.

## STREET MANNERS.

The "Lancet"—which is dear, kind grandmother to all of us—has been taking us seriously to task upon the question of our behaviour in streets, and certainly the reproof is well merited, and comes none too soon.

In crowded thoroughfares we wander along like "Little Johnny Head-in-Air" in "Strewel Peter"; we never look where we are going; we throw lighted cigarettes and matches into ladies' cotton frocks; we spit with disgusting promiscuity; we gouge out the eyes of inoffensive citizens on the points of our awkwardly-held umbrellas and walking-sticks. It is a terrible indictment.

"Can't you look where you're going?" is a query that you may hear half a hundred times a day in crowded streets. Sometimes it is a solo, sometimes a duet from the two participants in a collision. In any case it is usually justified.

Thousands of people get run over in our cities every year because they or the drivers of vehicles, or both—generally both—do not look where they are going. The statistics of the number of eyes impaled upon umbrellas are, unfortunately, not to hand, but doubtless they are appalling.

If we have not time to walk, like Agas, delicately, we might at any rate heed the advice so frequently tendered to us by our fellow-sinners and driven home by the cutting remarks of the "Lancet" and look where we are going.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In my view, one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of lese-humanité, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat.—R. L. Stevenson.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, whose birthday was celebrated yesterday, has always been better known to her friends and admirers simply as Princess Beatrice. She used laughingly to be called the Queen of the Isle of Wight, too, but her realms there have been considerably curtailed since the death of Queen Victoria and the presentation of Osborne House to the nation. Indeed, in other ways than that the Princess felt very deeply the loss of the Queen, whose untiring companion she had been for years. The anxiety and sorrow of the months which followed her mother's death now show themselves in the white streaks in her hair and in a certain weariness of manner.

Princess Beatrice, indeed, was something like Queen Victoria's shadow during the last years of the long reign. They went everywhere together, and the Princess, whose tact is irreproachable,

relieved the Queen of all anxiety in the arrangement of ceremonies. The concerts at Windsor, and any theatrical entertainments which occasionally took place there, occupied a great deal of her time.

Congratulations to the Earl of Meath, who has just been made a Knight of the very exclusive Order of St. Patrick. No one deserves such honours better than he. One of the kindest of men, he has spent time and money for many years past in philanthropic work. In private life, too, he is benevolent itself. Not long ago in the House of Lords he met some strangers who were being shown over the place. They put a question to him, and, not content with giving them the information they wanted, he took the trouble to act as guide himself.

It must be strange to meet a telephone girl face to face, and to see in the flesh one who has only

appeared to exist as a voice. Lord Stanley has promised to receive a deputation of these probably long-suffering people, who cause much suffering it must be owned, in their own persons. Lord Stanley is extremely popular. There is a certain bluntness and straightforward ease in his manner which draws people to him at once. He is a keen sportsman, and an amusing story is told of an incident which occurred when he was first elected to Parliament. He had invited questions at one of his meetings, and a voice called out, "Can you give us a tip for to-morrow's race?"

Lord Stanley did not hesitate for a moment. "Yes," he said, "I'm backing such-and-such a horse," and he gave the name. The horse, as it turned out, did actually win, and some people maintained that it was largely this which helped to place Lord Stanley at the top of the poll. He was once, by the way, a Conservative Whip, and used to be pretty severe in stirring up inert politicians. Once he is said to have scolded a member who happened to be as blunt and outspoken as himself.

He met this worthy in one of the lobbies, and began to rate him soundly for falling short of his duty as a voter. The member listened in astonishment for a moment. Then he opened his mouth and poured forth a flood of eloquence which condemned Lord Stanley to every kind of terrifying fate. The latter was so taken aback that he turned and fled down one of the corridors.

Dr. Talbot, the Bishop-Designate of Southwark, with whom Mr. Balfour goes to stay to-day, is a man absolutely without affectation. One afternoon, a season or two ago, he attended an elaborate society function in Whitehall. When he came out with his wife and children he discovered that his carriage had not been sent to meet him, so, in spite of the horrible glances, and contemptuously raised eyebrows of the innumerable dinkies waiting outside, he hailed an omnibus, helped his wife and daughters in, and followed himself.

This lack of "side" in Dr. Talbot was once praised by an omnibus conductor, who remarked expressively that there were no "cuffs and collars" about him. He was exceedingly popular, too, with his flock at Rochester, and when he was vicar of Leeds he received a bluntly-phrased compliment as sincere as the one I have just quoted. Two rough workpeople were observing him in the street. He has a slightly hesitating walk, so the first of these observers said: "He's weak in the legs, ain't he?" "Yes," said the other, "but he's strong enough in the head."

One cannot help wondering why Olive Schreiner, who has just shown her sympathy with socialism by joining the Cape Town branch of the Social Democratic Federation, should have published so little since her first astonishing success with "The Story of an African Farm." Perhaps her enthusiasm for the Boers has led her to despise the English public, so that she will not submit new work to its approval. Perhaps, too, her first book was too successful, and this may have disposed her to rest on the reputation it made for her.

A curious story was told shortly after the war about an interview which Mme. Schreiner had with Lord Milner, and this may have disposed her more favourably towards us. The interview took place in Cape Town. Mme. Schreiner was asked by a friend, casually, to tea, and they were joined by Sir Alfred Milner (he was then) soon after tea had begun. The authorities had a long and earnest conversation with the statesman. After he had gone Mme. Schreiner, who appeared to be strangely moved, turned to her friend and said, "I know now that that is an honest man."

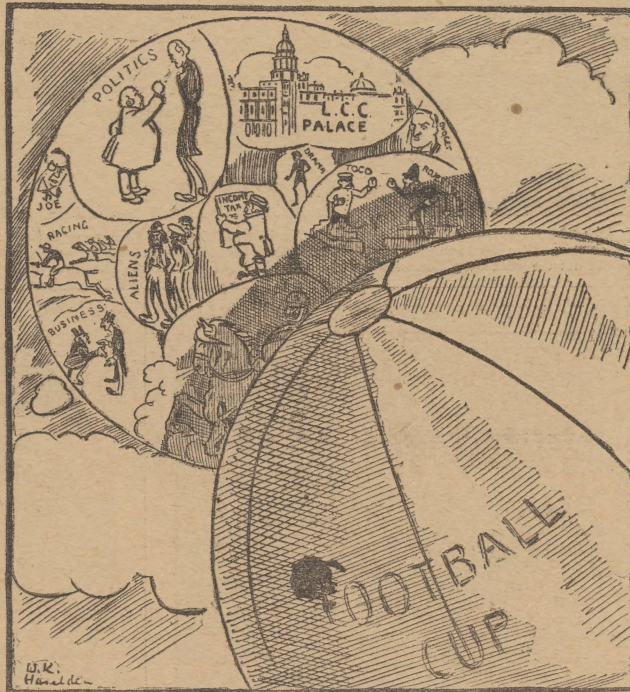
The Rev. and Hon. J. G. Adderley—or Father Adderley, as he prefers to be called—seems to be of a very hopeful disposition, since he has expressed his conviction that the recent conversion of 12,000 people in London ought to make some appreciable difference "in the life of the City." Does the Father expect us, then, no longer to pour in our millions into the City in the morning, and to cease doing the dreary things we have to do? Business is business, however, and conversion is (I hope) something very different. But Father Adderley has always been a worker of wonders, and he no doubt expects a tangible result in every instance of religious activity.

His first wonder he worked at Oxford—at Christ Church. He actually broke down the prejudice of deans and dons in the matter of theatricals up there. In those days the great University authorities would allow no drama to the undergraduates, who therefore resorted in despair to an inferior and very unofficial music-hall of dubious reputation. Mr. Adderley founded an amateur society which gave performances in his college rooms, the scenery being carried—greatly to the scandal of the learned—across the Quad and thrust into the windows. This society developed into the now universally recognised Oxford Union Dramatic Society.

## IN MY GARDEN.

This feature will be found to-day on page 11.

## FOOTBALL ECLIPSES EVERYTHING TO-DAY.



The crowds who will go to the Crystal Palace to see the Cup-tie final will forget politics for the time being, and cease to worry about fiscal policy, business, racing, income-tax, aliens, or anything except the playing of the game.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Choate.

HE is soon to leave us now and go back to New York, and last night, when, in the Lincoln's Inn Hall, the Bench and Bar of England gave a dinner in his honour, it was like the beginning of a very unwelcome farewell.

If he is not quite an Englishman he is almost one. "I don't know why I am called upon to speak at a meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society," he once said at the Mansion House, "for I'm neither British nor foreign, but American."

He must know by now why he is called upon to speak at every opportunity. For one reason, he is one of the hardest-headed and soundest thinkers either here or in America, and, for the other reason, he is one of the wittiest speakers alive.

The combination of these qualities is why everyone is always ready to hear him talk. The good things he has said are numberless. One of the most characteristic was his reply to the man who asked: "If you were not Mr. Choate, who would you wish to be?" "Mrs. Choate's second husband," came his answer like a flash.

Now, when he is well over seventy years of age, he is still a fine specimen of a man. Tall, well built, straight-backed, clean-shaven, bright of eye, keen of face, firm of step, he looks about twenty years less than his age. There are still few wrinkles about his large forehead, for he never worries and never hurries.

Besides his distinction as a wit, a statesman, and a lawyer—he was America's most famous counsellor before he came here as Ambassador—he is famous for the size of his hat. He takes the largest made by the trade—size 7½.

## GERMAN HUMOUR.

Typical Jokes of the Fatherland.

Young wife: First I gave the poor woman two plates of soup, and afterwards she got sixpence. Husband: She had fairly earned the sixpence. —"Fliegende Blätter."

"Hullo, what's the matter? Been run over by a tram-car?" "Much worse. I offered a comic paper to a Russian Grand Duke." —"Lustige Blätter."

Friend: What a curious letter-weight you have! So extraordinarily heavy. Young husband: That is one of the cakes my wife baked herself. —"Salon Witzblatt."

Artist to Friend: Tell me in all sincerity, dear boy, what is the most striking thing you notice about my pictures.

Friend (after a short consideration): That you sell them. —"Meggendorfer Blätter."

Friend: Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dressmaker's bill?

Wife: Rather.

Friend: And how did you quiet him?

Wife: I showed him the milliner's, and then he became simply speechless. —"Fliegende Blätter."

Father (to suitor for his daughter's hand): Five thousand pounds worth of debts? And you expect me to pay them? That will take some thinking over.

Suitor: But don't forget that the debts will be increasing all the time you are thinking. —"Kladederatsch."



## STRONGER THAN CANUTE—ENGINEERS DRIVE BACK THE SEA ON CUMBERLAND CO



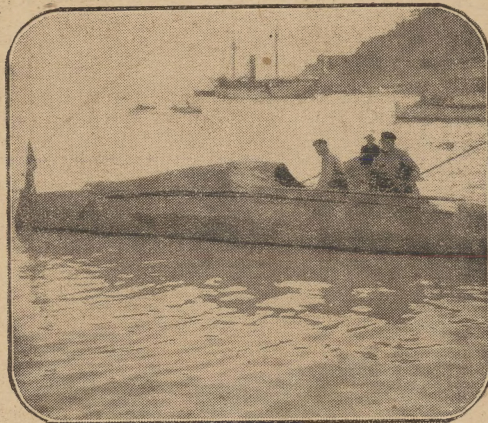
Finding that there was valuable iron ore under the sea near the Hodbarrow mines in Cumberland, the mining company decided to have the sea driven back. This enormous barrier, which has just been completed, was built to accomplish this, and it has succeeded. It is 6,870 feet long, 210 feet wide at the base, and 40 feet high, and it has driven back the sea 600 feet from the line marked by arrows. The contractors who carried out the work were Messrs. John Aird and Co., of which firm Sir John Aird, whose portrait is reproduced above, is the principal.—(See page 6.)

## TREASON IN FRANCE.



Captain Tamburini, who is believed to be one of the leaders of the alleged Bonapartist conspiracy against the French Republic.—(See page 6.)

## BLAZING MOTOR-BOAT SUNK AT MONACO.

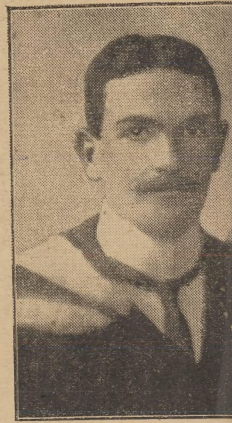


The Trèfle-à-Quatre, Mr. Thubron's racing motor-boat, which caught fire in Monaco Harbour through a spark igniting some petrol, and had to be sunk.—(See page 6.)

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.

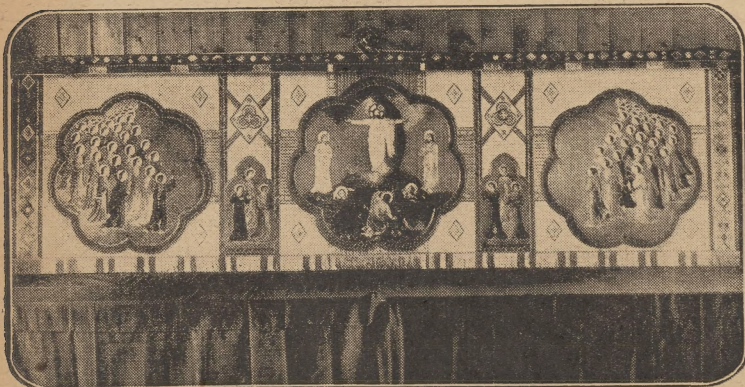


Miss Margaret Hooper, who, at the Eastbourne parish church to-day, will be married to—



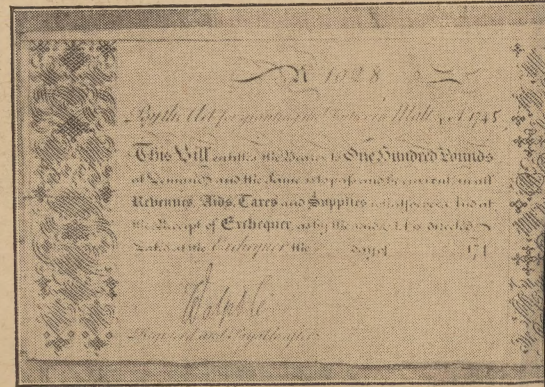
—Mr. John Hooper, B.A., son of Hon. John Hooper, C.S.I., Indian Civil Service.

## NEW ALTAR FRONTAL FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



Mrs. Wyatt, of the Parsonage, Hawley, Surrey, who is an invalid, has just completed this magnificent embroidered altar frontal for Westminster Abbey. It is over eleven feet in length, and the designing and execution have taken eight years.—(See page 6.)

## TREASURY BILL PRESENTED AFTER 163 YEARS



This Treasury bill for £100, which was issued in 1745, and is signed "Walpole," recently presented for payment at the Bank of England. The question as to the money shall be paid to its owner is at present under consideration.



The opposing teams in the great match for the Football Association Cup, which will be played to-day at the Crystal Palace. See pages 5 and 14.—(Photographs by Whitlock and Purdie.)



## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

## HOW HILDA WON THE CUP.

By JESSIE POPE.

"Well, Harry, how did the game go?" asked Hilda, pouring out her fiancé a cup of tea.

"Go!" he returned gloomily, "it didn't go at all. It was a beastly fiasco, and will be worse in the final on Saturday."

"What!" cried Hilda, "aren't we going to win?"

"Not likely! P. A. Ferris has quarrelled with the committee, and won't play, and the whole team's gone to pieces."

"Oh, I am sorry," cried Hilda, with a look of distress on her pretty face.

"Good heavens, whatever for!" he exclaimed testily. "What earthly difference does it make to you?"

"Why, I've set my heart on the Olympians winning," she protested. "You know I love watching the matches."

"Yes, when you've got a new hat on," he retorted in a contemptuous tone. Hilda coloured hotly, but, repressing a quick reply, refilled his cup in silence.

"You might let me have the sloop-bath next time," he grumbled. "I do hate these thumbfists."

"You shall have a breakfast-cup, dear," replied Hilda good-humouredly. "But what was the quarrel about?"

"Oh, some trifling. Ferris is such a surly brute. He's always taking offence."

"I think he looks nice," said Hilda.

"Oh, yes, of course. He's got a good figure and curly hair."

"Who are they playing instead?"

"A fool called Arnold."

"How I wish I could help!" said Hilda.

"You—what could you do? What nonsense you talk! Well, it's getting late; I must be off."

"Aren't you coming for a walk on the sea-wall then?" said Hilda.

"Sorry, but I can't. I'm late now."

Hilda walked on the sea-wall alone in the fading light. The ceaseless chafing of the waves kept time with her thoughts, for she was restless and dissatisfied. Her engagement was beginning to worry her. Harry never seemed to credit her with any reasoning powers and ridiculed the idea of her being able to take an intelligent interest even in a game.

His derision nettled her, for her interest in the fate of the Olympians was as genuine as his own. Besides this, Ferris had always interested her. He didn't look a difficult person to approach either. Hilda felt certain that a little tact might have saved the situation.

So absorbed was she in her musings that she had approached quite close to a solitary figure—the only other occupant of the twilight sea-wall—before she was conscious of his presence. The tall, broad-shouldered figure looked somehow familiar, and next moment she recognised it with a sudden shock. It was P. A. Ferris himself. Hilda's fancied arguments deserted her as she beat a precipitate retreat.

Ferris stood on the sea-wall in a restless frame of mind, and, finding no solace from the rising tide, he was about to turn away when the footsteps which had lately approached and retreated once more drew near, and a voice which sounded breathless and apprehensive said, "Hilda!"

"Mr. Ferris!" He turned quickly. A tall, slender girl stood before him.

"Mr. Ferris," she said, trying to steady her voice, "you do not know me, and I would rather not tell my name; but I want to ask you if you will play for the Olympians on Saturday."

His grave face relaxed into the suspicion of a smile.

"They've no chance as it is, and you know it, and I'm so sorry. They've done so well all through. Won't you save them, Mr. Ferris?"

Again there was a smile on his face.

"I don't know what the quarrel was about," continued Hilda slowly, "but I do know that now is the time when you can go back with honour and everybody will be grateful to you."

"I cannot," sighed Hilda, "I'm sorry to have bothered you. Please don't say anything about it."

"You may trust me," he said gravely; "and I think the Olympians ought to be very proud of having such a supporter."

"Yes, if I had succeeded," said Hilda; "but I have failed. Good night."

"Wait a moment," said P. A. Ferris, and he turned and watched the small grey waves as they turned over with a hollow splash and sent the white-edged wave speeding up the dark sand.

Then he faced her.

"I'll see if I can manage it," he said simply.

"Oh, thank you," said Hilda, with a quiet joy in her voice.

"So we've won, after all, Harry," said Hilda softly, putting her arm in his as they walked home from the match.

"Yes," said Harry, "by the skin of our teeth. We should have got a licking if P. A. hadn't played."

"I suppose someone persuaded him to."

"Not they," replied Harry scornfully. "He just got tired of being a fool."

"But I happen to know someone did," said Hilda, meeting his eyes with a smile.

"Who?"

"I did! I met him on the sea-wall accidentally one evening. I asked him to play, and so he did."

Harry turned on her and stopped.

"Are you telling me the truth, Hilda?" he said sternly.

"The absolute truth," she replied, facing him bravely, though the colour left her cheeks.

He dropped her arm with a gesture of utter disgust.

"I didn't know you were that sort of girl," he said.

A week later Hilda walked on the sea-wall again in the gathering dusk, and again came suddenly on a broad-shouldered figure intently watching the waves. Once more she would have fled precipitately, but he looked up and turned quickly towards her.

"Miss Harrison," he said, "you see I've found out the name—please forgive me if my question seems abrupt or impertinent; but is it true that your engagement is broken off?"

"Yes," said Hilda, in a low voice.

"Is it a trouble to you?" he asked gently.

"No," said Hilda, "I'm glad."

"Are you glad?" he said.

"Yes, I'm thankful!"

They both eyes met, and he took her hand—and kept it.

grass how pretty a picture she made standing there in the moonlight.

"Kitty," he called gently.

She turned with a slight start, but did not move towards him. Yet he was accustomed to see her run to him across the lawn at the first sound of his voice. Was it because this visit was so unexpected?

The next moment Jack was by her side; he had taken her in his arms, and was kissing the crisp brown curls upon her forehead. At first she did not resist him, though she did not lift her face to his.

"Kitty—my little Kitty—are you cross with me?" he murmured soothingly in her ear. "See, dear, I've come to you at once. The dad told me you were upset this afternoon, and I thought I might comfort you. What is it? Come, tell me all the trouble, and let me kiss your tears away."

She disengaged herself gently. "I'm glad you've come, Jack," she replied, and he felt that there was something lacking from her voice; the gaiety and vivacity of tone which was so characteristic of Kitty—where were they? "It was good of you. Shall we go to the house? Father will be pleased to see you." She always spoke of her guardian as her father.

"Not yet, Kitten," replied Jack, with an assumption of his usual breezy manner. "You and I are going for a little stroll first. Later on, perhaps, we shall have something to say to Uncle George and to Miss Maria which will gladden their hearts."

"I'm jolly pleased to find you in the garden." He drew her hand under his arm, creased her fingers as they lay upon his sleeve. "We'll keep away from the house," he went on. "They can't see us if we go to the nook." He referred to a recess in the side of the cliff where they were accustomed to sit; it had been a favourite playground with them in their childhood.

Kitty followed obediently. Nothing further was

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

Your article telling of the terrible sweating which goes on around us should stir into life the deepest loathing against the fiends who impose such conditions of life.

The names of the firms who pay such disgraceful wages as 11d. and 21d. an hour should be published broadcast. Their loss of business would soon show the strength of public feeling. A READER, Dulwich.

## DEGRADING HUMANITY.

Your correspondent, Mr. Thomas, goes liting against the use of sandwich-men for advertising purposes in the streets as though their present employment were to blame for their position in life.

Surely he is on quite the wrong track. Their degradation came first. But for their employment as sandwich-men they would now be either a charge upon the rates or dead from starvation. Any honest work is better than none.

WEST END ADVERTISER.

## "MONSTROUS" INCOME-TAX.

"Julius Sandby" evidently does not take much interest in politics, though he has voted for twenty years. If he did, he would know that the tea duty has been advanced one hundred per cent. since the Boer war commenced, twopenny in 1900, and twopenny in 1904. The twopenny reduction is only the increase of last year, and the war tax still remains. The "tea drinker" is now in the same position as the income-tax payer. Both are paying the war tax.

Does it not occur to him that the income-tax payer is paying twice over, for he is also a tea drinker? T.

Manchester.

## DR. TORREY ON HELL.

The astonishing part of the question is that Dr. Torrey and many other Christians have neglected to study their own Scripture-book in order to find out the meaning of the word "hell."

In the Old Testament the word "sheol" is translated into both "hell" and "grave." In the New Testament it is translated as "Hades."

The place or state called "hell" by Orthodoxy was "Gehennam," the valley of Hinnon, outside the city of Jerusalem. There fires were kept continually burning for the consumption of the refuse of the city and the bodies of criminals. "Gehenna," incorrectly translated "hell," occurs twelve times.

Battersea. AGNOSTIC.

## ADVERTISEMENTS IN THEATRES.

The attitude taken up by Mrs. Lewis Waller in refusing to act at a certain suburban theatre as a protest against the pictorial advertisements which were thrown upon the drop curtain during the entr'acte, will, I think, be supported by a large body of London playgoers, who have for some time past suffered in silence.

These pictures, if such a description can be given to the crude designs one frequently sees, are by no means pleasing to the eye, and certainly, as Mrs. Waller contends, have a tendency to distract the minds of the audience from the action of the play.

The remedy, however, lies with the audience, who, by expressing its disapproval in no uncertain tones, whilst the advertisements are being displayed would quickly see this objectionable feature expunged from the programme of London theatres.

W. H. WALTON.

Erpingham-road, Putney, S.W.

said till they had scrambled down the rough path and ensconced themselves on a little mound of turf that provided a natural seat.

"Now, Kitty, out with it," said Jack bluntly.

"I've nothing to say," returned the girl evasively. She had quite made up her mind not to mention Cecilia, not to let him know that she had seen him in the company of the actress. "I had a headache and father began talking of things—about you and me, you know—as if they were all decided. And nothing is decided"—she raised her voice with some determination—"nothing at all."

"But it shall be to-night, Kitty," he said quickly. The time had come to speak the words, and though his tongue was dry and his voice sounded hoarse even to himself, he spoke them bravely.

"That's what I've come for. I want to put an end to all this indecision. It's always been a settled thing that we are to be married; let's make up our minds to-night when the event shall come off." It sounded a very poor proposal, but, try as he would, he could not speak in warmer tones.

A poor proposal, too, it sounded in Kitty's ears. The girl was more than ever convinced that she was not loved with a love such as she was ready to bestow. She had wrestled with herself that day; she knew that Jack would in honour hold to his engagement, but was she justified in binding him in compelling him to act a part for her edification and that of his relations for the rest of his life?

She knew the truth. With a woman's keen perception she had realised that Jack's love—the real love that a man should give the woman he makes his wife—was not hers. And though her whole soul was Jack's she had decided—though not without tears and rending of her heart—to deny herself for his sake.

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(Continued on page 11.)

## IN CONSTANT PAIN

Nervous &amp; Sleepless.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS FROM INDIGESTION.

Completely and Quickly Cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Messrs. A. J. White, Ltd., London.—"Gentlemen: It is nearly ten years since I first told you how Mother Seigel's Syrup had restored me to health, and I am still, I rejoice to say, in sound health, with never an ache nor pain anywhere. This, I think is striking proof of the thoroughness of my cure."

"Before I learned the value of your excellent medicine, I had suffered all the tortments of indigestion; and that not for weeks or months, but for years. I was in constant pain, while my breathing was so affected that at times I was positively fighting for breath. I was nervous and sleepless, and altogether more dead than alive. But Mother Seigel's Syrup quickly ended all this, though doctors had utterly failed. I shall never cease to praise it."

(Signed) George Robinson, 111, Anglesey St., Lozells, Birmingham, Jan. 4th, 1905.

Mr. Robinson permits publication of this convincing statement of his own experience in gratitude for health restored and a desire to relieve the sufferings of others. He believes and we know that the medicine that cured him and has cured tens of thousands of men and women of chronic indigestion, will cure YOU if you suffer from the same complaint. Put it to the test.

See our Windows for L.F.NOLA.



## A GREAT TIE

to a woman is the amount of floor-scrubbing she has to do. So much of her valuable time is occupied by this form of labour, that other duties are hurried, and she has no time for recreation—indoor or outdoor. This is unwise, and leads to ill-health. Sometimes the continuous aspect of a woman "not done cleaning" irritates a husband, and destroys domestic happiness. Cover the floors with CATESBYS' CORK LINO: it needs no scrubbing, and anyone can afford to possess it. Write for free samples and designs, then buy on Easy Terms, or secure our cash discount of 2s. in the 2. We pay carriage.

CATESBYS' CORK LINO

Yds. Yds. A Quality. B Quality.

3 by 3 ..... 12s. 6d. ..... 18s. 6d.

3 by 3 ..... 18s. 6d. ..... 21s. 6d.

3 by 4 ..... 21s. 6d. ..... 24s. 6d.

3 by 4 ..... 24s. 6d. ..... 28s. 6d.

4 by 4 ..... 28s. 6d. ..... 32s. 6d.

CATESBY & SONS,

The Home of Cork Lino.

(Dept. W., 64-67, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.)

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious." LANOBT

"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People." MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

## Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Dinner concluded—it was a hasty meal, and Jack hardly did justice to it—the young sailor set off for Valetta, to fulfil his promise. He walked hastily, with his usual swinging stride, along the dusty high road, and all the while he was doing his utmost to banish Cecilia from his thoughts and substitute Kitty in her place. But though he would not acknowledge it to himself this praiseworthy attempt met with indifferent success.

"Am I acting for the best—for Kitty's happiness—for my own? It is for life—for life." To this point his meditations had come when he reached the timber-built gate which served as entrance to the garden of his uncle's house.

The flutter of a white dress caught his eye almost immediately, and he felt relieved that he would be able to have his talk with Kitty without first explaining his unexpected visit to Admiral George and Miss Maria. The girl was walking in the garden, close to the edge of the cliff, and, luckily, at some little distance from the house.

Jack advanced quickly. "Let me say the words," he was muttering to himself. "I mustn't play the coward—and it is for Kitty's sake. She loves me, which, thank God, the other woman does not. Yes, my mind will be easier when I've said it."

Kitty was standing, her back to him, gazing out to sea. She had a light wrap thrown about her shoulders, but her head was bare, and Jack could not help noticing as he stepped lightly across the

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# KENSAL RISE TRUNK MURDER MYSTERY.

Photograph of the Prisoner Entering the Harlesden Police Court Yesterday.



The man Devereux, who is accused of murdering his wife and two children, being marched into Harlesden Police Court by the Scotland Yard detectives yesterday.



A portrait of the prisoner Devereux, sketched from life at Harlesden Police Court yesterday afternoon.

## IN MY GARDEN.

Now Is the Time to Get the Lawn in Order  
—How to Mow.

APRIL 14.—Gardeners who had finished most of their planting and seed-sowing before the recent rains came will reap a just reward later on for not having been behindhand with work. Sunless moist weather is just what freshly-planted roots require to make them take good hold of the ground before the drying days come. Planting (except that of tender plants) should be speedily completed.

Lawns must be mown at once, as the grass is now growing quickly. If it is too long for the machine to cut, it must first be gone over with a scythe.

The question is often asked as to whether it is better to mow with a box on the machine or to dispense with it, and so distribute the grass over the turf. In reality, both methods are good. Some advocate alternating them. If a lawn is carefully watered during hot weather throughout the summer, the mowings can be carried. But if it is left to take care of itself, the decaying grass will help to keep it moist.

Edgings should be carefully trimmed with shears. Do not, however, be continually cutting the grass edges of beds, and paths with an edging iron, or your walks and borders will soon assume strange and wonderful shapes.

E. F. T.



The cart in which the tin trunk containing the bodies of the murdered Mrs. Devereux and her two children was removed. The man standing by it is the foreman of the furniture repository, who received the trunk.—(See page 3.)

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Let's settle on a date, Kitty," he was saying, though she was but dimly conscious of his words.

"It will make them all so happy." "It will make them all so happy." Jack could not more concisely have confirmed the suspicion that was in her mind. They were to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their relations.

"Why don't you answer, Kitty?" He took her face between his hands and turned it to him. Their eyes met.

"Do you love me, Jack?" She spoke steadily, keeping her eyes fixed upon his.

"Why, what a funny question to ask, kitten!" he cried. "Of course I love you. I told you so the other day. Playmates as we have always been—"

She interrupted him, for she felt that there was no conviction in his voice.

"Perhaps, then," she sighed, "it is I who don't love you sufficiently. For I'm sure, Jack"—the words cut her like a knife, but she, too, had to speak what was in her heart—"I'm sure that we don't love each other enough to marry. I've felt it for a long time. Our love is—as you said just now—that of playmates. I am your sister, and you—I have always looked upon you as my brother. It would be silly to marry when we feel like that to each other. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Why, Kitty," he faltered in his surprise, "do you mean what you say? Don't you love me really?"

"Not in that sort of way," she lied bravely. "No, no more than you love me."

The words were thrown out to test him. Had she been wrong in her surmise he would certainly have protested his real devotion.

He did not do so. She kept her eyes fixed upon him, and saw in the moonlight the sudden gleam that lit up his face. It was the glow of a new hope. She knew then that she was right, and hope, that had come to him, abandoned her.

"Why, I never knew, Kitty," he faltered, "that you only cared for me as a brother. It is a great surprise to me, and I don't know what to say."

"What should we say, Jack, but that we must not think of marrying?" she replied with assumed cheerfulness. Deception had never entered into her life before, yet in this, her first attempt, she met with complete success. Jack believed her implicitly; perhaps the wish was father to the thought.

And so they sat and talked, Jack blissfully unconscious that he was assisting at the martyrdom of a soul. To him life had assumed a new aspect. If it were a fact—and, by degrees, he came to accept the new order of things—that Kitty only had the same affection for him that he gave her, then indeed everything was simplified. She would not be pained; even if the idea of marriage were dropped altogether. And it had been for her sake that he had proposed to sacrifice his life! Why, what a fool he had been not to recognise that she would have sacrificed his at the same time! What an escape for them both! Perhaps—it was more than likely—Kitty had given her love elsewhere. There was Grant Malcolm—Kitty had often avowed her liking for Grant. "I was a conceited idiot"—such was Jack's conclusion—"to think Kitty loved me. Thank heaven I have found out the truth before it is too late."

And so it was all decided. Jack and Kitty were to remain upon the same terms that had always existed between them, and marriage was to be no more spoken of. It would be a blow for the Admirals and Miss Maria, but even they would be brought to understand.

"I'll go up and speak to Uncle George at once," said Jack.

But Kitty would not hear of this. Her voice had grown weak, but Jack understood that she wished to return to the house alone. They would meet again the next day, she said, and then it would be time enough to speak to their relations.

She was evidently tired, and her emotions had been deeply stirred, yet not for a moment did Jack doubt her truth. He saw her on her way back to the house, and kissed her at parting.

"What a good thing we had the talk, Kitty," he said fervently. "We understand each other now, don't we?"

"Yes," she answered in a whisper; "we understand each other now."

She could stand no more. She tore herself away from him and ran into the house. No one was witness of the tears she shed that night.

And Jack—Jack made his way meditatively to the road. His heart thrilled with the thought that he was free—free, without doing hurt to another.

An empty cab passed him. He glanced at his watch, and then, seized by a sudden idea, told the coachman to drive to the Plymouth theatre.

If it were only for half an hour, he would see Cecilia that night.

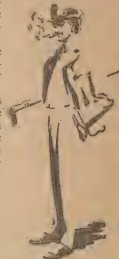
Two men watched Cecilia play her part that night—the man who loved her and the man who hated her. Jack Hallows and Robert Lidiard occupied seats in different parts of the theatre—for Robert Lidiard was alive, Montague Stone having made a fatal mistake at the inquest when he had sworn that the battered body which he had been called upon to identify was that of his former friend.

Yet Montague Stone could hardly be blamed for his mistake, bitterly as he was to reproach himself

(Continued on page 13.)

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## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—PLENTY OF ELEPHANT STORIES AND TWO NEW PRIZES.

### THE PRIZE AWARD.

#### CHILDREN LIKE THE ELEPHANT BEST.

I am delighted to say, dear children, that I have had an enormous number of coloured drawings and of postcards, and have very much enjoyed looking at both of them.

#### PRIZE FOR COLOURED PICTURE.

Our artist has awarded the prize of 5s. for the best coloured drawing of the animals shown on last week's page to Arthur E. Bacon, 49, High-street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex. Arthur is ten years of age; he has filled in the animals quite correctly, and has coloured them very nicely indeed. The setting sun in his picture is a sight to behold.

Another excellent drawing is that of Beatrice Wood, 7, Castle-street, Oxford. Beatrice is eleven years of age, and I hope she will become, like all the other children, a regular competitor. In time I want every child to win a prize.

#### THE POSTCARD PRIZE.

With regard to the best postcards for which a prize of 2s. 6d. was offered, the response has been enormous. It is easy to see that you children like the elephant best, and I thoroughly agree with you; he is such an interesting beast. The majority of the postcards narrated stories connected with the elephant's cleverness, though some were devoted to the giraffe, and just a few to the rhinoceros.

I have awarded the prize of 2s. 6d. to Cyril Reginald Riley, aged eight years, 20, Park-road, Banbury, who sends in an excellent story, taken from "Sunny Faces." I will print it below:—

#### THE PRIZE POSTCARD.

A good story is told of a very clever young elephant on board ship. One day the painters who were at work on board left their paint and brushes when they went to dinner. The elephant thought he would have a little game all to himself. Near him stood a camel eating hay. The elephant took hold of a brush with his trunk and set to work, and when the painters came back they found the camel covered with red stripes, which made him look very funny.

I wish to commend very highly the story sent in by Lessiman Kent, 106, Walford-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, which I also print, and those of Marjorie Haynes, Belmont, York-road, Southend-on-Sea; Jessie Bailey, 39, Blegborough-road, Streatham, S.W.; and Kathleen H. Robinson, 130, Milton-road, Stoke Newington, N.

#### A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago my grandmother knew an elephant, whose home was at the Zoo in London, and it used to carry children on its back. One little girl, who was a great favourite of the elephant, delighted in playing hide-and-seek with the great animal, until one day, when they two were playing together, the elephant put his foot on the poor child, killing her instantly. The elephant was so sorry for what he had done that he pined away and, refusing food, died of grief.

A great many of the children write so well that I should like to mention them by name. For next time I commend Jeanie Hutchings, 53, Birchdale-

road, Forest Gate, but I do not think I have ever seen smaller writing in my life. I think if it were a little larger it would be much prettier and more legible.

### THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

#### NUMBERS OF PARROT STORIES EXPECTED.

This week our artist has chosen for his sketches a parrot, a monkey, and an animal that looks like a cat, but is a leopard. Leopards are really cats on a fierce and big scale, and some of them are called snow leopards.

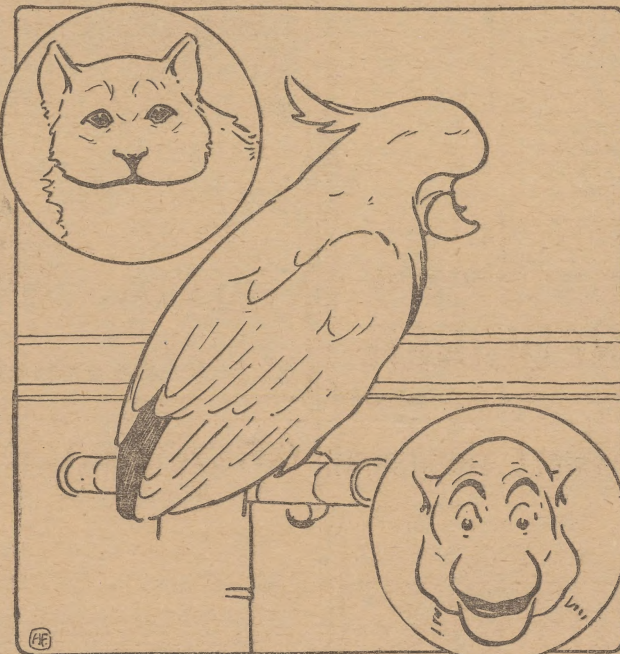
The most beautiful of all the great cats is the snow leopard, which is found in the high Himalayas. This graceful and agile creature has the usual spots upon its handsome snowy coat, but they are not as distinct as with some varieties, owing to the fur being very long—a wise provision of Nature to fit the snow leopard for the cold mountain regions it inhabits.

Southern Asia is inhabited by a black leopard, while various kinds are found throughout Africa.

In Central Africa its hide is much prized by the natives and worn as a garment by the chiefs. The leopard makes its home in caves, dense thickets, or large hollow stumps. It is very agile, climbs trees readily, and has great power of leaping. It lies in wait for its prey or comes stealthily upon it until within springing distance, and particularly likes securing antelopes, deer, sheep, goats, monkeys, and dogs. It frequently attacks human beings as well, and is both cunning and ferocious in disposition.

I expect you all know a great many tales about monkeys and parrots. So I need not tell you anything about such creatures. Long ago I stayed in a house where there was a pet monkey. How he leaped and ran about; I didn't much like him myself, he was so mischievous, and seemed to enjoy starting me by jumping on my head or shoulders when I least expected him.

I offer a prize of 5s. this week for the best filling in and colouring of the picture presented on this page, and 2s. 6d. for the best postcard story, concerning one or other of the two beasts and the bird. Remember I want postcards, not letters. It is possible to get quite a nice story on a postcard, and I like short stories. So send them by thousands to your affectionate DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.



One of the prizes offered on this page is for the best filling in and colouring, with chalks, of the parrot, animal, and the picture drawn above. Remember to affix your names, addresses, and ages on the drawings, please, children.



### A WEST END HAT.

not shop by post? Here, for instance, is a lovely Hat of pleated black chiffon, with lace insertion in brim—quite the correct West End style. Price, complete with large Feather and Buckle, safely packed and carriage paid. Money returned on unsatisfactory. State whether large or small.

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11/9

## Non-Flam

### THE SAFE

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Madame Dowding is sorry she cannot send the REDINGOTE by return of post, the demand for them being so great that it is impossible to get them made in less than six days after receipt of order.

GENTLEMEN'S BELTS A SPECIALTY.

### SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

for it in after days. He had received a wild, half-hysterical letter from Robert Lidiard informing him of the latter's intention to throw himself into the Thames and drown like a dog.

Robert Lidiard had written this letter after his interview with Julian Darell, when it at a moment when he was in a wild desire to escape from his troubles. He had explained part of his story to Montague in this letter, and betrayed enough of his early crime to make Montague Stone believe that the wretched Lidiard was really in such a desperate pass that he could hardly be blamed for ending his troubled career.

Possibly Robert Lidiard had intended to commit suicide, only his courage had failed him at the last, or, more likely, he had decided that if Robert Lidiard the successful artist could be looked upon as dead and buried, yet the man Robert Lidiard might continue to live on, a shadow skulking in dark corners, one who feared the honest light of day.

Robert Lidiard posted his letter to Montague Stone and then vanished—disappeared into the deep depths of London. He had plenty of money, having received the price of his picture, and it is easy enough for a man to hide himself if he likes.

A paragraph in the paper informed Robert Lidiard a few days later that he was a dead man, and he determined that no one should know, at any rate, for the time, that a grim mistake had been made, and that he was still alive.

He chuckled to himself sardonically as he read Montague Stone's evidence at the inquest, and he blessed the unknown suicide, whose battered corpse had been mistaken for his own.

He was quite assured in his own mind that Mon-

tague Stone would be glad to think he was dead, for he had realised for some time the other's devotion to Cecilia, and this was one of the reasons why he had been so anxious that Cecilia should commit suicide with him. He was too jealous a man to be able to endure the thought that his wife might have found love and happiness with Montague Stone after his death. No, better, a thousand times better, that the worm should feed on Cecilia's tender flesh than that Montague Stone should kiss her sweet red mouth.

A sinister idea began to visit Robert Lidiard during the days when he hid himself in London, an idea that Cecilia and Montague might possibly come across each other in the future, and that Cecilia, believing herself free, would agree to marry the portrait painter.

What a fine revenge would be in store for Robert Lidiard if he were to believe his murderess—for Robert Lidiard still considered that if Cecilia had not desired his death she would have dashed the glass goblet from his lips, and so would have prevented his swallowing the fatal draught.

He never for an instant doubted that his wife was alive, or that he would ultimately succeed in tracing her through Montague Stone, for he felt convinced that Cecilia would write to Montague as soon as she learnt of his death. Accordingly, after a little while, he began to shadow Montague Stone, and finally ended in following the latter down to Plymouth.

The first sight of the posters of "The Puritan Girl" convinced him that he had been right in all his surmises, and that he had found Cecilia, and he chuckled horribly and maliciously, wondering what his wife would do when he made his presence known to her. But he determined to nurse his wrath and not be in too great a hurry to anticipate his hour of vengeance.

He had been drugging himself steadily with morphia ever since Julian Darell's visit, for the man had always been fond of drugs, though he had hitherto used them in moderation. Now, however, he had developed a keen craving for morphia. The subtle influence of the drug helped to soothe his half-crazy brain and ministered him to strange fantastic dreams. Even whilst he watched Cecilia play her part that night he caressed the little glass bottle which contained his morphia tablets with tentative fingers, and slipped one into his mouth before the first act came to an end.

As the drug began to work upon him the stage grew dim and hazy, and he felt pleasantly sleepy. He sat in his usual place in the pit, occupying the same seat night after night, a corner seat which enabled him to gain a full view of the stage, and gloat his eyes upon Cecilia. He had little fear of being recognised, for he had shaved off his beard, and also his face had aged perceptibly during the last few weeks, and his hair was thickly streaked with grey. Few would have recognised the egotistical and bombastic Robert Lidiard of the past, man who had viewed the world as his playground.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

The curtain descended on the second act, descended, as usual, to a roar of applause, and Cecilia came forward to make her final curtsy to the audience.

She noticed, and with a deep, a burning blush, that Jack Hallows was gazing at her fervently, adoringly, from the first row of the stalls, but how was she to guess that Robert Lidiard was watching her from the pit behind, and that his eyes were the eyes of a hawk making ready to swoop on its victim?

(To be continued.)



Birmingham and district as their birthplace, while George was born at Shrewsbury and Brawn at Wellingborough. Thus every member of the team is an Englishman.







